

When or how she stampeded, I didn't wait for to see,
 For out in the road, next minnit, I started as wild as she;
 Running first this way and that way, like a bound that is off the scent—
 For there warn't no track in the darkness to tell me the way she went.

I've had some mighty mean moments afore I kem to this spot,—
 Lost on the Plains in '50, drowned almost, and shot;
 But out in this Alkali desert, a-aunting a crazy wife,
 Was r'ally as on-satis-factory as anything in my life.

"Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" I called, and I held my breath;
 And "Cicely" came from the canyons—and all was as still as death;
 And "Cicely! Cicely! Cicely!" came from the rocks below,
 And jest but a whisper of "Cicely!" down from them peaks of snow.

I aint't what you call religious,—but I jest looked up to the sky,
 And—this 'yer's to what I'm coming, and maybe ye think I lie;
 But up away to the East'ard, yaller and big and far.
 I saw of a suddent rising the singlerist kind of a star.

Big and yaller and dancing, it seemed to becon to me;
 Yaller and big and dancing, such as you never see;
 Big and yaller and dancing.—I never saw such a star,
 And thought of them Sharps in the Bible, and I went for it then and thar.

Over the brush and bowlders, I stumbled and pushed ahead;
 Keeping the star afore me, I went wharever it led,
 It might hev been for an hour, when suddent and peart and nigh,
 Out of the yearth afore me thar riz up a baby's cry.

Listen! thar's the same music; but her lungs they are stronger now
 Than the day I packed her and her mother, I'm derned if I jest know how,
 But the doctor kem the next minnit, and the joke o' the whole thing is
 That Cis never knew what happened from that very night to this!

But Cicely says you're a poet, and maybe you might, some day,
 Jest sling her a rhyme 'bout a baby that was born in a curious way,
 And see what she says; and, old fellow, when you speak of the star, don't tell
 As how 'twas the doctor's lantern,—for maybe 'twon't sound so well."

The "The Aged Stranger" who was with Grant, is very humorous, and "John Burns of Gettysburg" is a brilliant lyric.

Mr. Harte is now in the tide of his fame. Last year on the 29th of June he was elected an honorary member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cambridge, Mass., of which Prof. James Russell Lowell is President, and before this scholarly society Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered his masterly oration, "Mechanism in thought and in Morals."

On the 2nd of February Mr. Harte left San Francisco en route for Chicago. He resigned his situation as chief of the *Oregonian's* staff, and is to take charge of a new serial to be published in the Western city of Chicago. This Magazine is to be called the *Lakeside Monthly*, and starts with a paid up capital of \$40,000. Mr. Harte as chief Editor and sole Manager, is to receive a salary of \$5,000 a year. It is stated that he will assume the reins at once. An engagement had been partly entered into between